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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Farmville, Virginia

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No. 3

CONTENTS

TEMPLE TO MY IDOL.....	<i>Rebecca S. Wilburn</i>	3
STUDENT ART WORK: A COMMENTARY		
	<i>La Verne Collier</i>	4
WOODCUT	<i>Sue Gosnell</i>	4
SUMMERTIME	<i>Rebecca Brehm</i>	5
MOTHER DARKNESS.....	<i>Rebecca S. Wilburn</i>	7
ILLUSTRATION	<i>Lee Burnette</i>	7
WATER COLOR	<i>La Verne Collier</i>	8
JOHN CROWE RANSOM: DISINTERGRATION AND DEATH		
	<i>Nancy Morris</i>	9
FIGHT	<i>Eleanor Kevan</i>	12
DRIFTWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN		13
OIL PAINTING	<i>Clinton Carroll</i>	31
IMAGES ON THE WIND.....	<i>Alice Joy Peele</i>	37



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TEMPLE TO MY IDOL

In a magnificent temple
Of white alabaster,
Built by my own hands,
Sits my golden idol,
Serenely contemplating the offerings
I place before it.

Prostrated, I raise my eyes,
Mutely pleading for acceptance,
To the golden face.
The blue sapphire eyes
Stare blankly past me;
The lips of ruby are contemptuous.

I leave my offerings
At its feet
And sadly leave the temple.

The glaring sunlight strikes my face.
And I shed tears
That fall into the brown dust
And are absorbed.

For just a moment,
I long to turn back to the temple—
To beat the idol into a thousand pieces—
And free my soul.

But instead,
I hurry home
To prepare another sacrifice,
To place at its feet.

R. S. WILBURN

Student Art Work

Sue Gosnell's woodcut "Man Alone," features an attenuated, flame-like figure and smaller undulating shapes to reinforce the curving directional movements of the body. It is printed mainly in black, with red purple highlights.

The water color of exuberant women in blue-green and orange, by La Verne Collier, emphasizes rhythmic lines in the convolutions of drapery and wildly flying hair. The sunflower motif repeats the same directional movement. (P. 8)

Clinton Carroll's oil painting, has a muted, poetic quality despite the prosaic objects of housework that are represented. The figure, broom and pail is painted in restrained neutral colors with an uncluttered simplicity that the diagonal directions of the background quietly amplify. (P. 31)



SUMMERTIME

by REBECCA BREHM

The heavy smell of the early summer lilacs combined with the smell of the cabbage that had been cooked for dinner was suffocating Hattie. She was lying flat with her face buried in the thick young grass, trying to escape the odor and the heat.

"It needs cutting," thought Hattie. Everything around here needs something done to it."

She raised her short, pointed little nose, which by all standards shouldn't have been that way at all, to look at her surroundings. In the dusk, the Negro tenement houses looked more dismal and dilapidated than ever. The windows, most of them without curtains, looked like the sad, fallen eyes of a clown who is trying to say something funny while being "booed" off the stage. In the background, she heard her mother's rich contralto voice singing, "Su-u-u-mmahtime an' the living is easy"; she saw her father sitting on the porch with his shoes and shirt off, smoking his own corncob pipe; she heard the happy ringing laughter of her younger brothers and sisters as they raced from the street to the yard. It was that kind of free, perfectly joyous laughter that seems to spring only from the Negro heart.

"Oh, how can they be so happy?" Hattie cried within herself. "How . . . How?"

"Why did I have to try it again last night?" she asked herself. "What is it about 'passing' that makes me try it again and again?"

She lowered her head to the grass one time and thought about what had happened the night before. It all came back to her so clearly. She had taken the old family car about 8:30 p.m., and had driven to one of the beach clubs that was frequented by white college students. She had walked in and seated herself at the counter, quite aware that she was the object of many envious glances from the girls and many admiring ones from the boys.

Hattie realized fully that she was uncommonly good-looking. Hadn't she asked herself often enough, "Why couldn't I have been ugly? Then my problems would have been solved."

Hattie's posture and walk reminded one of a proud African queen. With this was combined all the attributes of a beautiful white woman. Her skin, ironically enough, was probably her best feature. It was a creamy ivory and just seemed to set off her features to perfection.

Hattie had left the club early because more than one of the boys

had asked to take her home. She had fled because she was so tired of inventing excuses for why they could not. There was no way that she could have done this unless she would meet them away from home the way she had done with Nick.

Nick was Hattie's first and most unhappy experience in "passing." It had happened soon after she had discovered that she could very easily pass for white. She had met him at a beach party last summer. It had been Hattie's seventeenth birthday, and her parents had just told her that they had found out that they could borrow enough money for her to go to college. Hattie had been so happy and she could remember now how Nick had had everyone sing "Happy Birthday" to her, and how he had seemed so proud to be with her.

Hattie had told Nick that her mother was very strict and that was the reason she was not allowed to date him. They had met each other secretly all summer, and over and over Nick had told Hattie that things would work out right for them in the end if she would just hope.

One night while sitting on a park bench Hattie and Nick had watched a black cloud pass over the whitish gold moon. She decided that she would tell him then. She mustered all her courage together and told him how her mother was a mulatto and how her father had been a very lonely, but educated and well-bred white man. While Hattie was telling her story, a horrified look was spreading over Nick's face which had suddenly gone ashen.

He had stood up and shouted at her, "Why, you yellow nigger slut! Thought you would trick me into marrying you, huh? Then I'd find out the truth and my father would have had to pay your board and keep the rest of your worthless life. That's what you were trying for, isn't it, you . . . you . . . NIGGER!"

He had jerked loose from her beseeching hands, pushing her away from him so hard that she had fallen backward on the grass. She had lain there sobbing, while he had brushed his jacket off as if she had suddenly contaminated him and walked off without a parting word.

Hattie's thoughts came back to the present. "I'm doing the same thing again," she reflected. "Here I am again lying on the grass, crying. And I promised myself that I wouldn't think about it anymore."

Before she rose, Hattie plunged her face deep into the pungent grass, smelling the newness of it along with the fresh, earthy spring soil. Then she picked herself up from the unmowed lawn and began walking along the edge of the road. She noticed that the highway department had sprayed the edges of the highway with weed killer as

(continued on page 32)

MOTHER DARKNESS

The only mother I know
Is Darkness,
Who clasps me in her arms
And wipes away bitter, scalding tears.
I hear her music
In the roaring winds
And rolling thunder.
She wraps about me
A cloak of rain.
She wears a crown of stars,
And sometimes, I can touch
One.

And she promises that someday
I will be her child
Completely.

REBECCA WILBURN





by La Verne Collier

John Crowe Ransom: Disintegration and Death

by NANCY MORRIS

As Southerners, we live in a dying era. As individuals, we experience the disintegration of past habits and ideas that necessarily accompanies growth. Thus John Crowe Ransom speaks to us in our day and our civilization. His style and poetic techniques make our everyday situations and our commonplace happenings take on new depth and meaning. His observations give us new insights into ourselves and our contemporaries. An examination of his poetry leads us inevitably to fresh conclusions about life and death.

Let us examine first Ransom's imagery and its implications. Most of his images are derived from or influenced by the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century. They are probably the only writers who had a major influence on his work. One of the best examples of Ransom as a "modern metaphysicist" is his poem "Good Ships."

Fleet ships encountering on the high seas
Who speak, and then unto the vast diverge,
These hailed each other, poised on the loud surge
Of one of Mrs. Grundy's Tuesday teas,
Nor trimmed one sail to baffle the driving breeze.
A macaroon absorbed all her emotion;
His hue was ashy but an effect of ocean;
They exchanged the nautical technicalities.

It was only a nothing or so, and thus they parted.
Away they sailed, most certainly bound for port,
So seaworthy one felt they could not sink;
Still there was a tremor shook them, I should think,
Beautiful timbers fit for storm and sport
And unto miserly merchant hulks converted.

In keeping with the metaphysical conceit, Ransom compares here two diverse objects, people and ships, and makes this comparison a structural part of the poem. He also introduces the elements of wit and irony. One of Mrs. Grundy's Tuesday teas is hardly a serious subject, but the ironic fact that potentially great people have become mere gossipers and tea-goers is a matter worthy of thought. We see Ransom at his best as a literary link in this poem. His imagery is that of the metaphysical period; his subject matter foreshadows the Pru-

frockian twentieth century, with its death of the traditional and the normal.

It is, in fact, death that is the theme of Ransom's writings. As we look over the table of contents in his volumes, we find such titles as these: "Dead Boy," "Necrological," "Janet Waking," "Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter." These and others of Ransom's poems deal specifically with death in individual experience. For example, "Janet Waking" pictures a child who comes upon the reality of death for the first time. When a person awakes, it is usually to meet life and its experiences; but Janet, ironically, wakes to face the new experience of death. We note that she "slept/Till it was deeply morning." Ransom might intend the reader to think of the word "mourning" and then read on, observing Janet's struggles to climb back out of the depths of realization into which she has suddenly been thrust. Ransom, using an almost-Biblical phrase, makes Janet's experience a universal one—"Translated far beyond the daughters of men." So do all men refuse to be instructed concerning the forgetful kingdom of death, the kingdom that swallows up hens and people and forgets about them and the ones who grieve over them.

"Dead Boy" also deals with death, but from a different viewpoint. In this poem it is a child who has died, and it is his elders who mourn because he is the last of the line. It is ironic that the boy was not appreciated until death accentuated the "antique lineaments." The child's dying seemingly brought about as great a change in the attitude of the family tree as it did in the boy himself. The family was hurt with a "deep dynastic wound"—a selfish, but a painful injury.

Both these are unusual poems. Serious thoughts are provoked by them, and yet the events in each case are objectively, even humorously reported. Ransom seems to be standing on the outside, knowing what emotions he should feel; but he is not quite able to adopt the proper mood. After all, the death of a hen described by such sentences as

"... Now the poor comb stood up straight
But Chucky did not."

hinders sentimental feeling somewhat. And it is not often that the writers of obituaries describe the deceased as "A pig with a pasty face . . . squealing for cookies." However, Ransom created his reporter-pose for a purpose. He knew as well as the rest of society how emotion-charged the subject of death is. He knew how easily the reader could get so involved with sentiment that he would forget mean-

ing. So to keep the poem from bogging down in the stickiness of the subject, Ransom treats death calmly, coolly, objectively, humorously. Thus the jolt is even greater when, in the last two lines of each of the poems, Ransom lays aside his newspaper attitude and goes quickly to the heart of the matter. "Dead Boy" ends with these words:

"But this was the old tree's late branch wrenched away,
Grieving the sapless limbs, the shorn and shaken."

Attention is no longer focused on the dead person; it is focused on the ones who are bereaved. And that exactly is Ransom's underlying purpose—not to write about death, but to write about the effect death has. He is concerned with the child's relatives rather than the dead child; he is interested in Janet rather than the dead hen. Death is a means in Ransom's poetry, not the end; for through the deaths of individuals, the society that remains is given an insight into itself.

John Crowe Ransom, however, did not limit his views on death merely to the effects that the death of a person might have. He carries his writings also into the area of intrapersonal relationships. The death of a child or a beautiful woman is tragic; but the disintegration of a friendship or love affair is even more tragic, because two people share in such a death. Many of Ransom's poems deal with love. Yet the love he writes about is never happy or fruitful. His affairs can be described, usually, by one of three adjectives: empty, dying, or dead.

In "Spectral Lovers" Ransom portrays a couple and a romance, both alive, but at the same time, full of nothing. Although the man and woman are surrounded by fertile imagery (April, blossoms, full moon), they refuse to consummate their love. They may be alive, but they behave in as fixed a manner as the characters on Keats' Grecian urn. They would be better off not loving than loving and not acting. Theirs is a song, Ransom says, that shall never be heard. They have made a relationship that could have been vibrant with life empty and meaningless.

Then there are the other relationships, the other romances, that are in the process of disintegration. We watch the actual process in "Parting, Without a Sequel," realizing from the title that there is no beginning again for this couple. The girl, with mixed emotions, sends the letter that "ends it all" by a functioner of doom on a bicycle. There is a struggle inside her. The heat of anger tells her she has done the right thing by putting the boy in his place. The freezing cold of regret, however, condemns her, and the oak tree (Nature) joins in the condem-

(continued on page 29)

FIGHT

by ELEANOR KEVAN

Major John Bruce Olsen was standing before the window of his den, his hands clasped behind his back. The continual squeezing motions of his fingers attested to his increasing agitation. Suddenly he pivoted sharply and gained the door in two or three long-legged strides.

"Sam! I called you ten minutes ago! What the devil are you doing?" he bellowed through the open door, in the voice that had earned him the nickname "John Bull" on the parade ground.

"Coming, Dad!" came the answer from an upstairs bedroom, and John heard the thump of U. S. Champion traction-tread gym shoes on the stairs. Sam ran up to the door, then stopped cold. He pushed it open and strolled into the den in his best imitation of a hoodlum. He stood slouched before his father, now seated at his desk, with his thumbs hooked over the top of his pants. His bright orange hair, the only reminder of his mother Katie, was combed in what John considered to be "the most repulsive, effeminate mess anything in pants ever wore," but which was, nevertheless, the trademark of The Guys. He made quite a picture.

"Well, I'm glad to see you finally decided to pay me the supreme honor," enunciated Major Olsen.

Sam raised a pair of dreamy blue eyes. "What'd you want to see me about?" he inquired with lazy curiosity.

John raised himself and leaned across the desk. "I'm 'sir' to you! Don't you forget that, and you drop that attitude now, mister," he said angrily, bringing his fist down with force.

"Yes, sir," Sam said unperturbedly.

John sat back down, his faced streaked red by emotion. He continued speaking, in calmer tones.

"I took a trip this afternoon, Sam. Do you know where I went? I paid a little visit to your school and talked with all of your teachers. They had some very interestings things to tell me. Can you imagine what they were, or shall I tell you?"

Sam shifted his weight slightly. "Well," he said, "if it was about the math test I flunked, that was because old Mitchell has a grudge on me—had one all year. And that English test, well, that was so hard you'd have to be a genius to pass it."

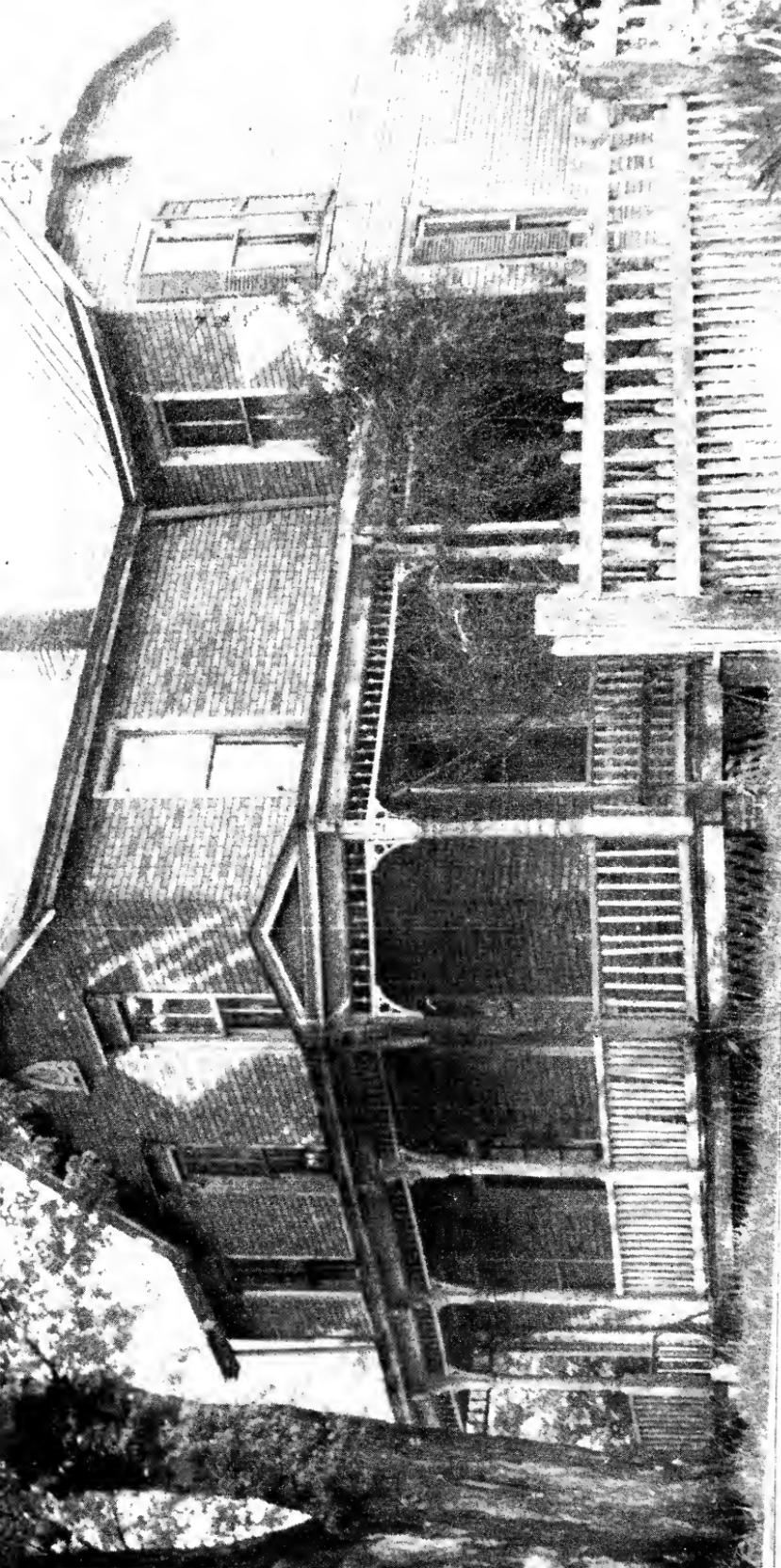
John exploded, "Grudges! Unfair tests! Do you think I'm fool enough to believe that? How do you think the children who passed it

(continued on page 33)

The President's House

Driftwood College

1960 SUMMER SESSION—JUNE 20-25



OPPORTUNITIES IN THE 1960 SUMMER SESSION

MEN

A CONEY ISLAND ATMOSPHERE

MINT JULIPS AT 3

A DOCTOR'S DEGREE IN 12 EASY LESSONS

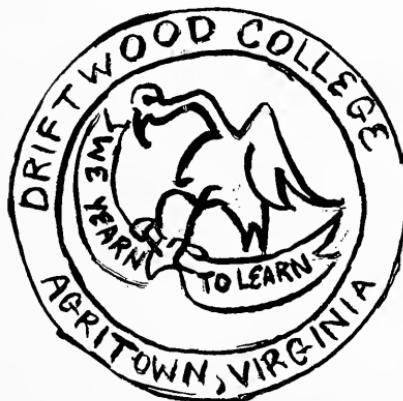
A TYPICAL DRIFTWOOD WELCOME AND FAREWELL

CALENDAR

June 20.....	Dormitories open to first 100 comers
June 21.....	First fire drill Classes begin (8-day week) Registration (immediately after classes)
June 22.....	Examinations—physical Short classes begin (7-day week) First meal served in dining hall
June 23.....	Examinations—mental All term papers due First pop quiz Last meal served in dining hall
June 24.....	Examinations—academic Class spirits administered Starvation diet initiated Graduation exercises
June 25.....	Re-examinations Registrations for remedial classes Departure to nearest Alumnae Chapter

DRIFTWOOD COLLEGE

AGRITOWN, VIRGINIA



SUMMER SESSION 1960

JUNE 20-JUNE 25

DRIFTWOOD COLLEGE

Driftwood College, a pioneeress in educations of all kinds, is the oldest college for women in Prince Edward County. The college was founded in 1863 by Virginia Dare. It is interesting to note that this founding date coincides with the day on which Thanksgiving was instituted by the Pilgrim fathers. Miss Dare originally conceived the idea of a four-year training college for Indians, but this plan proved ill-starred and Miss Dare disappeared suddenly (it is rumored she escaped to nearby Burkeville to set up a rival institution there).

After its first brilliant success, the institution saw several changes of hands. The seminary served as the first tobacco warehouse in Southside Virginia, as the practice target for B-17 Martin Bombers during the Appomattox theatre of war, and as a hot house for growing forget-me-nots during the Civil War.

The first legislature to assemble after the adoption of the post-bellum constitution established education and authorized a State School For Normal Females to be located somewhere on the Virginia frontier. On April 4 in the same year Julius Caesar, who had acquired the title to our institution in a shady business transaction with Joan of Arc, ceded his claim to the state.

Since then this school has been called so many things that the authorities began to grow alarmed and determined to settle the matter for once and for all time. It was decided to name the school after its new president, Heustis J. Khrujhammerhower. Since his name was rather difficult to spell, he graciously consented to allow the honor to go to his niece, Miss Fannie Khrujhammerhower. But she said her favorite color was blue, so they named it Driftwood.

The college has offered degrees for thirteen consecutive years. Now primarily a college for women Driftwood offers eight degrees, ranging from Fahrenheit to Centigrade.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR RECREATION

For those who are trapped here on week ends and have no other way to amuse themselves, Saturday night Sings, featuring old Driftwood drinking songs, are conducted around the equestrian statue of Joan. The gaily decorated Recreation Hall is also a center of activity. Paintings of Joan and other student martyrs, who exemplify the famous Driftwood spirit, adorn the walls. Here Driftwood's famous literary society, Briar et Thorn, holds weekly literary discussions.

This summer the society will discuss the imagery in Ezra E. Newmann's new volume of verse, *Mad Cantos*. Other students who are not members of this esoteric group may play hide-and-seek, Old Maid, or Post Office.

For outdoor activities, Driftwood has a magnificent unnatural lake outside Burger Hall, which is open to all Driftwood students between the ages of nine and twelve. Submarine races are conducted every Saturday night. On rainy nights, there is a seventy-five inch indoor swimming pool. A nearby Coliseum at Driftwood Estate, a Civil War relic, is the site of annual chariot races and gladiator contests with Christians from a nearby college.

Each summer, the College arranges a tour of Green Bay, Well Water, and Worsham to such points of historic interest as the only remaining slave market, Patrick Henry's smokehouse, and the first "still" in Virginia.

THE CAMPUS AND BUILDINGS

Driftwood College is located west of the business section and east of the slum section of Agritown. The twenty-two acre campus is compact, composed largely of colonnades and stairways. There has been constant construction on the campus since 1950. Ours will be the most beautiful school in Prince Edward County if it is ever finished.

The student will probably first enter Ruffner Hall, better known as Termite Tower. A dining room is located here, although the more wealthy students do not often patronize it. Those less fortunate increase their well-roundedness by consuming the starches offered three times daily. In the better days, the Saver System (abbreviation of Save All the Money You Can) claimed responsibility for the food.

Classrooms are centrally located; the Science Building is easily reached by bicycle. There is an excellent language laboratory where foreign language students cheerfully spend many hours. Even those graduates who can speak not one word of a foreign language receive a diploma with honors in the study of overused machines and brittle tapes.

The drawing feature of Burger Hall is its Science Museum, containing many rocks, fossils, professors, and other curiosities. Also offered there is a free course in photography and dark room work. Interested students should apply directly and see what develops.

Jarring Hall houses an auditorium which can seat over 1000 captivated students. The seats are fairly comfortable for sleeping, and the light is adequate for correspondence or conversation. The Driftwood Philharmonic Orchestra has its practice rooms and equipment downstairs. Dramatic arts equipment is also stored in Jarring Hall, and those interested in drama may practice from 3 to 5 a. m. on Fridays and Sundays in alternate years.

The Student Health Service is maintained by a physician well-educated in the use of pink pills and APC's. The infirmary is kept well-heated, and students' temperatures are maintained at 100 degrees. Visiting hours are rigidly observed, with the aid of the able and dedicated nurses. No student need fear a short illness at Driftwood, for he will be detained in the infirmary until all doubts of its being short are removed.

A spacious, two-story gymnasium is located in the basement of Student Building. Here students pass many happy hours playing hop-scotch, table tennis, red rover, and practicing ballet and other ancient dance techniques. Equipment for student use is available at any hour from the cottage of Miss Becky Rockenbrough.

The library is another facility open to students of Driftwood who wish to impress professors and fellow students with their seriousness. Study areas which are immediately seen by those entering the library range from \$1.00 per night. Rent for less conspicuous areas is lower.

The policy of the library is to allow students to check out as many books as they desire at any time. Members of the Library League, however, practice nullification. Fines accumulate for overdue books at the rate of ten cents per hour, except on holy days.

Dormitory life is intellectually, as well as socially, stimulating. Each year, an increasing interest is shown in experiments by zealous administrators to determine the effects of darkness, extreme temperatures, and disaster shelter living conditions on college students. Efforts are also being made to discover ways for more utilization of less space. Results are evaluated each day by the head matrons who leave notes containing constructive criticism.



Tea in the Head Resident's Room



Student Laundry Facilities

THE GRADUATE PROGRAM

A student is considered ready to seek admission to candidacy for a master's degree when he has:

- a. Demonstrated his inaptitude to undertake graduate work for at least one week's term at the graduate level, or one semester's work at the elementary level.
- b. Proven any conditions attendant upon his admission to the Graduate Program and developed deficiencies in prerequisites established by his department.
- c. Formulated a program of study approved by the student's parents and the resident Bishop.
- d. Satisfied his curiosity as to why the college requires what it does.

REQUIREMENTS FOR A DEGREE

A satisfactory graduate program represents not only a series of trials and tribulations but also the development of neuroses, psychoses, and many other interesting experiences. Above all it offers satisfaction upon the completion of an approved program of study in which one has displayed a fortitude beyond the call of the diploma. A candidate for a degree may either:

- A. Complete 124 semester hours of credit and a thesis, or
- B. Complete 640 semester hours of credit without a thesis.

In plan "A", the thesis is approved by strong and healthy professors as well as by the thin; two typewritten copies of the thesis are presented to the Graduate Council at least four years before the degree is to be conferred.

Plan "B" must be approved by the resident psychiatrist and the Rorschach test administered before the degree is conferred.

ACCREDITATION

The College is accredited for both graduate and undergraduate work by the Virginia Unemployment Board, the SPCA (Southern Prejudices Control Association), and Altruists Anonymous, and meets the standards established by the American Association of Colleges Attractive to Playboys.

COMPREHENSIVE EXAMINATIONS

Students expecting to graduate who do not submit the traditional thesis take an oral essay examination, not to exceed three hour's duration, covering the student's major field of study, the examining professor's major hobbies, and the past three movies at the local drive-in. This examination is designed to evaluate competency in filibustering, ability to reason with an unreasonable professor, and ability to quote footnotes.

A student electing to do a thesis (Plans A, C, E) is, in general, exempt from taking the comprehensive examination. Those who are forced to take the examination often become violent with envy and challenge the thesis-writers to duels. In this case, the Graduate Council assumes arrangements with seconds, physician, and undertakers. Their fee for such inconveniences is moderate, considering the inconveniences it causes them.

FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE

Several sources of financial assistance are available to students enrolled in the summer session.

EMPLOYMENT

The Driftwood Dining Room features a gracious central dining area with several smaller rooms for private parties. Our institution is prepared to offer a limited number of positions with the Slaver System wherein students may earn \$750,000 per week. Employment with us is a unique opportunity for, like other Driftwood traditions, we put you in a position to serve.

Other opportunities for employment, though admittedly less glamorous, include: private secretary for Dr. Brumfield, manager of the Driftwood croquet team, and campus director for APATHY (Association Promoting Atheism There, Hither and Yon).

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR TEACHERS

Teachers and persons who have at least five fingers and a reading knowledge of English are eligible to apply. The only other stipulations are that you pledge an oath of allegiance to the United Daughters of the Confederacy and know the alma mater by heart.

Obligations may be canceled by teaching in the public schools, if there are any, for one year, or the equivalent, twenty pounds of flesh.

THE UNDERGRADUATE PROGRAM

ADMISSION REQUIREMENTS

The following students are eligible to apply for admission to the institution:

1. the simple-minded
2. the narrow-minded
3. the absent-minded

Applicants must show possession of high moral character, a genuine Lone Ranger ruby-eye ring, and a bit of string. An entering Freshman must have the following high school credits:

- 3 credits in English
- 3 credits in another foreign language
- 3 credits in Passive Resistance
- 3 credits in White Supremacy
- 1 credit in Savage Wit

Driftwood College is an independently endowed institution, and the tuition \$2500 per year is only a fraction of student expenses. Each student is expected to provide her own poker money which may be obtained from:

1. blackmail
2. slave markets
3. rental of old term papers

Each applicant must pass the New Undergraduate Test which may or may not be obtained from the college. Foreign students may obtain information from New Jersey.

After completing the application, the student should run around the block three times before mailing it. This eliminates the faint-hearted and those who cannot count to 3.

ACADEMIC REGULATIONS

Summarized below are important regulations pertaining to summer sessions in this institution. It is the wish of the college that these rules be committed to memory and faithfully recited each evening as the sun sinks slowly into the west.

STUDENT LOAD

A normal student load is about 115 pounds. All students above or below this norm are urged to get on the ball. Driftwood is not the place to express individualism.

AUTOMOBILES

Undergraduates may not have cars on campus unless they commute from a distance of more than 100 miles. Cars dating from 1958 may be parked in front of the college; older models should be discreetly parked behind the archery field.

COURSE CHANGES

No course may be dropped or added except on Fridays.

CLASS ABSENCES

No absences from class will be permitted except in cases of illness or serious emergency. These absences must be approved one week in advance. A student who is tardy three times in succession will be placed on the faculty members' personal black list.

HONOR CODE

All students who wish to conform to social pressures will sign, upon entrance to Driftwood, a document known as the Honor Code. The Honor Code shall cover all social offenses except those involving boys, and all academic offenses except plagiarism. The faculty takes care of those.

CREDITS AND MARKS

Classes meet daily for as long as the students can endure the heat and the monotony. Attendance at all classes is compulsory for students desiring credit for good intentions. However, there is no penalty for overcutting. This is why we have the Honor Code.

The passing mark for an undergraduate course is a D, but this is no problem because no professor gives them. A C average is required for graduation. A B average is required to join a sorority. An A average is required to work in the Dining Hall.

DEPARTMENTS OF INSTRUCTION

ART

ART 15S. INTRODUCTION TO COLLEGE. Infinite and varied manipulation of paste and newspaper, preferably old *Rotundas*. Recommended for ever-so-creative art majors who can see beauty in a lowly material. Instructors: Dr. Hop, Miss Moss.

ART 188S. ART APPRECIATION. Oh, you know, Greek statues, Michel angelo, and all that sort of thing. A good summer course: it offers a cool, dark projection room in which to rest anonymously. Unfortunately, identity is required on tests.

BUSINESS

BUSINESS 45S. BUSINESS MACHINES. Ah, the wonders of the machine! Machines—key driven, crank driven, foot driven, and soul driven. An excellent course for the slightly unstable who need to control something. Instructors: Creeper, Mire, Inc.

EDUCATION, PSYCHOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY

PSYCHOLOGY 16S. ADOLESCENT PSYCHOLOGY. A warm, sympathetic, tolerant presentation of adolescent attitudes. Text for the course was written by an adolescent. Instructor is also an adolescent.

ENGLISH

ENGLISH 700S. ANGLO-SAXON LIGHT VERSE. Special selections from Ogden Cynewulf, such as the "Husband's Message," the "Wife's Lament," will be discussed under the democratic supervision of the instructor.

ENGLISH 12S. FRESHMAN ENGLISH. In this course, you have an opportunity to discuss novel viewpoints of Hemingway and Faulkner with other intellectuals of Ruffner and Tabb. The course also includes a free floor plan of the library in two colors and a glorious twenty-five page paper on a carefully selected, obscure topic.

ENGLISH 633S. THE NOVEL. A comprehensive study of the novel, emphasizing the Tom Swift series. Take a generous supply of impressive psychological terms to this class to interpret Tom Swift as the prototype of modern Freudian characters.

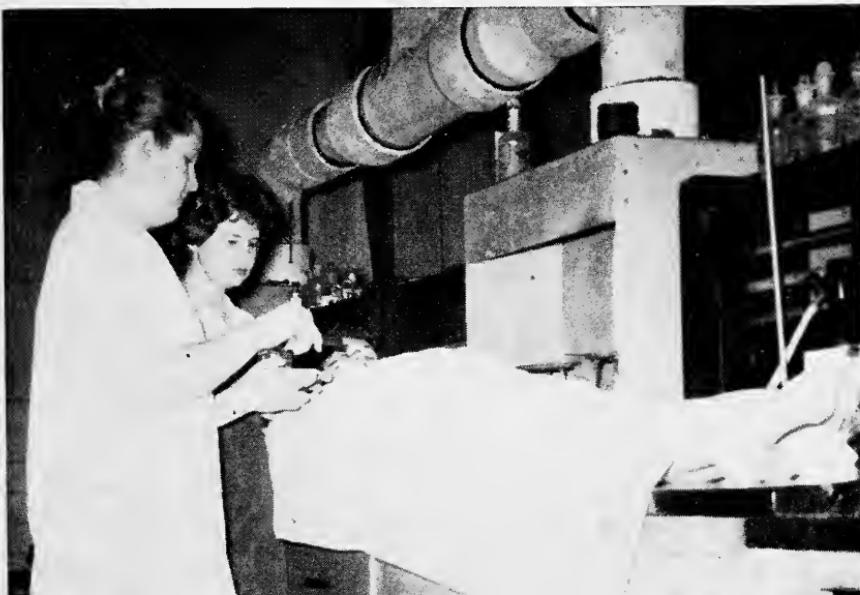
ENGLISH .001S. REMEDIAL CREATIVE WRITING. A depressing course for Angry Young Women who are not on the *Colonnade* staff.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

FRENCH CENT DOUZE. L'ÉTÉ. DICTÉE TAKING. How to learn French under unfavorable conditions. Only procrastinators are allowed to take this course. They must be in a superior physical condition because listening chambers are small, crowded, and tense at the last minute. Ear strain is frequent. Sometimes develops into a "fill-in-the-blanks" course.

HISTORY

ANCIENT HISTORY 5BC. Nothing new here, but the instructor tells amusing anecdotes and lectures in the Tea Room at least once a week. Sign up early for this one! Instructor: Mr. Elms.



Students Cutting Up in Autopsy Class

HISTORY

HISTORY 1620S. COLONIAL HISTORY: NEW ENGLAND. "Was Witch Burning Cricket?" "What Are the Real Facts Behind the Puritans' Brimstone Obsessions?" "How Much of a Sense of Humor Did Jonathan Edwards Really Have?" All of these burning issues will be answered during the semester. Instructor: Dr. Simmerkins.

MATHEMATICS

MATHEMATICS .08S. Applications of algebra, trigonometry, and analytic geometry to such practical problems as the calculation of one's academic average, prediction of mid-term estimates, and the computation of supermarket checks.

MUSIC

MUSIC 798S. CONDUCTING AND STRUCTURE OF MUSIC. How to write prize-winning class and circus songs like a professional. Prerequisites: Music 60, 61, 62, 63—Elements of Class Patriotism.

MUSIC 49S. ZITHER SIGHT READING. A difficult course, especially so, since musical notation for the zither is one of the lost arts. Course not offered 1839-1960.

NATURAL SCIENCES

BIOLOGY 33½. ANIMAL CARE. Administration of Tender, Loving Care to some man's Best Friend. Emphasis on care of centipedes, boa constrictors.

SOCIOLOGY

SOCIOLOGY 5S. CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS. The study of current problems of Driftwood Life: "Are the Red and Whites Infiltrating the Green and Whites?" "Are the Winners of Circus Fixed?" "How Can Minority Groups like the *Rotunda* Staff Be Protected?" Instructors: Mrs. Coverall and her Swingin' Five.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

PHYSICAL EDUCATION 39S. HEALTH EDUCATION. Prevention of Bubonic Plague. Training in the development of mental disease. Exploration of alcoholism and the nicotine cough.

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Bullseye!

DRIFTWOOD COLLEGE

Application for Admission — Summer, 1960

Name (scrawl)

FIRST

MIDDLE

LAST

ANY OTHERS

Street, R.F.D., or Mailman's Name.....

Town, City, or Hamlet.....State.....

Marital Status..... Happy () Unhappy () Still Looking ()
(CHECK ONE)

Name and Address of nearest relative.....

Another relative.....

Still another relative.....

Any friends?.....

Were you graduated from high school? Yes () No () Pending ()

Are you entitled to honorable dismissal from all institutions you
have attended?.....Educational () Mental () Federal ()

Name of roommate desired.....

Names not desired.....

Do you wish to reserve a single room?.....

Single room and bath?.....

How many baths during the summer?.....

What are the chances you will attend the 1960-61 session as well as
the 1960 summer session?.....Slight.....None.....

(continued from page 11)

nation. It is against the law of nature for this relationship to be dissolved, for this chance of fertility to be denied. Yet the serpent of temptation assails man in the form of this girl, causing her to bring a death-in-life upon herself.

Finally, there are love affairs and friendships in Ransom's poems that are absolutely dead, only memories. "Winter Remembered" is an excellent description of a feeling of absence and loneliness that parallels the bleakness and howling wind outside. The reader is not told the cause of the absence; he is led to concentrate his thoughts on the effects of the absence. The last lines, in the style typical of Ransom, sum up the experience:

"Dear love, these fingers that had known your touch,
And tied our separate forces first together,
Were ten poor idiot fingers not worth much,
Ten frozen parsnips hanging in the weather."

The remarkable image of the parsnips focuses our attention on the fingers. Were they frozen by the inner weather or the outer weather? Does the absence of the beloved reduce them to an idiot status because they initiated the union? Will this be a permanent winter, a permanent death?

These poems contain explosive material. If death by itself is a sentimental, emotional subject, the death of a love affair is doubly so. Yet Ransom remains calm about the whole matter. He observes most of the events from the outside, and reports all of them in a determined-to-be-factual manner. It is frightening to realize that in Ransom's mind there is such a break-down of the ability to love fully and happily. This inability to express oneself, to establish satisfying relations with fellow human beings indicts our whole civilization. Is the modern world as doomed as the love affairs were? Is it destined to be as unhappy?

This brings us to our last point. Ransom was an agrarian, a leader in the Fugitive movement. He saw the South moving away from its old way of life; and he was worried, for the death of this code to him meant degradation. He first saw the disintegration and lessening of power manifest itself in individuals. In "Good Ships" (quoted above) he hides behind a humorous treatment his regret at seeing potentially great persons live merely commonplace lives. He also demonstrates his disdain for the "profession" of buying and selling.

But the disintegration soon spreads from the individual to the society-wide level. Culture fails first. The songs of Philomela, the

woman-turned-nightingale, are too classical for the practical, sophisticated man of this practical, sophisticated day. The doors of the Old Mansion are closed to the modern intruder smoking his foreign weed. "Armageddon" shows the perils facing religion in our present society. When Christ (or the Christians, "little Christs") stops fighting and begins compromising with Antichrist, chaos and disintegration will result.

Ransom serves as a link for our generation. He could see the old era and the new, the relatively simple agrarian world and the increasingly complex, materialistic and industrialized one. In his poetry we find both these worlds present. When the tempest of industrialism sweeps across the life of Miriam Tazewell, everything recovers except the flowers. Spring and summer move efficiently along with suppers, cards, and bridals. But to Miriam life is hardly worth living without these representatives of nature; so in her life is reflected the ugliness of the newly materialistic world.

"And not to unstop her own storm and be maudlin
For weeks she went untidy, she went sullen."

Ransom sees the agrarian era fighting a losing battle. Captain Carpenter represents the South struggling against many contenders who express no real reason for attacking him. He gradually loses more and more of his body (characteristics) to the foe and is eventually conquered completely. Ransom gives an indication of his personal feelings:

"The curse of hell upon the sleek upstart
That got the Captain finally on his back
And took the red red vitals of his heart
And made the kites to whet their beaks clack clack."

The world in Ransom's poetry is a twofold one. However, one part is slowly but surely disintegrating, being absorbed by the other part. The old men that dress in paint and feathers to play Indians with their grandchildren and the soldiers that make light of approaching death to smoke a cigarette are becoming fewer and fewer. Ransom regrets the disintegration of such a culture, but he offers no remedy for the problem. He probably knows none, and there probably is none. Yet Ransom's sympathies are with the dying world, in spite of the fact that its disappearance is inevitable. He knows that the fighters against industrialism are not very reliable, that they fight haphazardly, almost uncaringly. He knows that dreams and ideals and the advice of oak trees are not the best of weapons. But Ransom and the soon-to-be-vanquished continue denouncing materialism and industrialism as they together pick forget-me-nots along the battlefield that is soon to engulf them.



by Clinton Carroll

(continued from page 6)

usual. All along the edge of the highway the little white wild daisies, as well as the weeds, had blackened and died. She noticed one in particular. The poisonous spray had fallen on only one side of it. The other side was still white. The white side seemed to be trying to persuade the black side to live and grow again, and the black side was trying to get the white side to join it. For some reason, she felt a deep kinship with this little flower. She bent suddenly, picked it, and pressed it to her heart.

Hattie heard women's voices coming toward her. She looked around and saw two white women walking up the street. She recognized them as two from the charitable organization that came into the Negro section so that they could bring their cheer and understanding in to help the Negroes. Because she had always despised their condescending attitude, she ducked behind a fence so that she would not be seen. As they passed, Hattie heard one of them remark, "Listen to those Negroes singing and laughing. I don't know why we spend our time trying to help them. They don't have any problems except filth and poverty, and that certainly doesn't bother them. I really don't suppose that they have enough mind or serious thought to make a problem. But then, you know the old statement, 'Ignorance is bliss'!"

Suddenly Hattie felt an insane desire to jump out and scratch their white faces until the red blood poured out, and then scream at them, "Now, do you think we have any feelings or emotions?"

All at once Hattie stood up. She felt herself running, running. Hattie knew that her feet were taking her to the river, the river, whose vastness had always taken her away from her problems.

She sat on the sand and watched the little rippling waves carry floating seaweed right up to the edge of the sand as if it were teasing it. She saw the reflection of the stars and the moon in the water. It was so clear that it looked as if there were two skies to this world. Suddenly from the clear summer sky some warm raindrops began to fall, making the water look prickly and hard instead of calm and soothing. She lay back on the sand and looked up at the sky. As the raindrops splattered on her face and rolled down her cheeks, Hattie, suddenly smiled.



(continued from page 12)

made the grade? They're not one damn bit smarter than you, and some of them don't have nearly your God-given ability."

"The ones that passed—" began Sam.

"Gumption! Guts! That's the difference. You don't take anything seriously except slumming around with your crumb-bum buddies and getting into trifling messes. I don't know where or when I let you get on the wrong track, but I know one thing: it's damned well going to come to an end."

John stopped, spent for the moment.

Sam had been staring at a spot on the wall behind his father's chair.

"Is that all, Dad?" he questioned.

"No, look at this!" John had rolled up his left trouser leg. His full lips drawn tightly in a bitter line, he thumped the insensible wood.

"This is what I'm stuck with for the rest of my life—me, a fighting dog, locked up in a nine-to-five cage with a bunch of other poor idiots, pushing pencils. But I figure I've got one important peacetime job to do. God and your mother, rest her sweet soul, left you for me to raise. So what happens? You've no ambition—you're a drifter. Son, I just can't understand somebody with no fight in them."

John had placed both hands on Sam's shoulders, and was looking earnestly and searchingly into his eyes.

"I'm sorry I'm such a bum, Dad," the boy said thickly.

"Not really, Sam. Look here—I know you must have some dreams, some convictions. All I'm asking you to do is to stand up and fight for them, because nobody can ever do it for you," said John.

"Yes, sir," Sam said, hanging his head.

"That's all, son. You can go now," Major Olsen said to Sam.

The boy walked out quietly and closed the door behind him. John put his head in his hands.

"Katie, Katie, he thought, if only you were here to give me a hand at this. I can whip a gang of raw civilians into soldiers any time, but give me one redhead little boy to create into a man, and I'm lost."

The young girl smiling at him from the small gold picture frame on his desk looked as though she had never had a care. That was the way John liked to remember her, the beautiful, light-hearted, warm little Irish girl who had been his heart and soul for so short a time. The emptiness made him fairly ache at night; he longed for her softness, the scent of her hair, and the voice whispering words too sweet to be spoken aloud.

Now this business of The Gang was of prime importance in Sam's

life. The Gang was a group of about fifteen boys of junior high school age who made it their aim to conform to the religion of Nonconformity. They wore their hair long and combed painstakingly into ducktails. They were indifferent toward all matters scholastic, feminine, or family, but had an avid interest in jazz music, Beatnik jargon, and basement poker games.

One bright Saturday morning in May, Sam raced through his chore of mowing the lawn and then departed to his room, where he remained for several minutes behind a closed door. He then came out by the back way, down the kitchen steps. John was in the kitchen opening a can of beer.

“Where are you going, Sam?” he asked.

Sam clutched the bag. “I—have to meet some friends, Dad,” he said hesitantly.

“I said, ‘where are you going’, and I mean for you to tell me *where*, and with whom,” John ordered.

“Down at the vacant lot; it’s just a bunch of the guys from school.” Sam spoke rapidly, eyeing the door.

“Why in the world are you carrying that bookbag—are you going to study?” John inquired.

“Please, Dad—I’m late. The meeting is at eleven. Please don’t ask me any more questions,” begged Sam. John was startled to see the desperately serious expression in his son’s eyes. Instinctively he knew that it was a question of “Trust me now or never,” so he gave his permission.

“Be back by two-thirty,” he called after the retreating figure of Sam.

“Yes, sir.” The boy was halfway across the backyard. His heart was going like a triphammer, and it seemed as though every pore he had were pumping water. He didn’t know what was up, but it was something very big. Ed Thomas, Head Dragon of the Espresso Dragons, had slipped a note in his locker at school, ordering him to come to a meeting at eleven o’clock sharp Saturday, and to bring a bandanna for a mask and a length of iron pipe with him. They had never carried any kind of weapons before; their activities had consisted mainly of loafing and talking big. They had engaged in a little petty theft—bricks and boards from building projects, fruit from the Italian fruit stand downtown—but never anything that could be called by a worse name than prankishness.

The vacant lot was overgrown with weeds. Sam waded through growth up to his knees, to the far end of the field, where a circle of

boys was knotted closely around a central figure, a short, stocky black-haired boy. Sam worked his way into the group.

"Bring your stuff?" asked the leader, Ed Thomas.

"There it is," Sam said, pointing to the bag at his feet. Several of the boys laughed.

"Old Sammy had to sneak the stuff out from under Daddy's nose," taunted Fred Kentz.

Sam reddened but said nothing.

"O.K., Olsen, I'll clue you in," said Ed. "You guys are going on a revenge mission today."

"Revenge?" Sam questioned.

"That's what I said. Somebody from Dutch Van Sant's outfit ratted to the cops about us lifting the bricks and stuff from that house over on Orchard Street, and one of the Blue Boys came to see me this morning. If my old man hadn't stepped in, we might be in a mess," he informed Sam.

"What are we going to do to them?" Sam's throat felt dry and scratchy.

"We're going to stage a for-real rumble. They're having a meeting down at the old warehouse this afternoon. Those guys are going to hear from the Dragons, and they won't forget us soon." Ed spoke with a rising ring of challenge in his voice, and looked from face to face for approval.

Sam said nothing, but stood still, as though he were rooted to the ground.

"What's the matter, Olsen? Are you with us, or aren't you?" The older boy's face was hard.

Sam found his voice and began speaking hesitantly. "Look here, you guys, maybe we aren't playing it cool. The cops are probably already on the lookout for us, and if anybody gets messed up in the rumble, we could land in court," he said.

"You don't want to play it cool, Olsen, you're chicken! But this outfit isn't chicken. When somebody pulls a yellow dirty trick on us, we don't sit on our cans and do nothing about it. You're just chicken—scared of what your old man'll say," Ed accused.

Sam flushed to the roots of his hair. "You can't say that to me. Just because I've got sense enough to see that messing up a bunch of guys won't do us any good, you can't call me chicken!" he said angrily.

"Oh, yeah? You think you're going to say when we fight and when we don't? Well, suppose you let your fists do your talking, Big Mouth!"

challenged the Head Dragon. He had taken a fighting stance.

Sam's stomach churned. It was not fear, but a strange feeling of nausea that overtook him when he was faced with the inevitability of physical violence. But he had been openly challenged, and he knew he must defend himself.

He swung his left fist wildly in the direction of Ed's chin. Ed ducked, and came back at him with a hard crack to the jaw. Boiling mad now, Sam delivered a staggering blow. The circle of boys had widened now, and they were all yelling excitedly for Ed. Ed grabbed Sam's shoulders and pushed him to the ground. They rolled about in the dirt, legs flying in all directions, pounding one another's faces brutally.

Ed pinned Sam's shoulders to the ground and sat on his chest. He hammered relentlessly at the boy's face until he cried out in pain.

Ed jumped up. "Come on, you guys," he shouted. "Leave this yellow belly to cry over the guys we're going to raid!" They laughed and ran for their bicycles. "So long, sucker!" they shouted.

Sam lay in the grass for some time, wishing that he would never have to get up again. He felt shame all over him, like the dirt and the blood. He hated to face his father. At length, however, he decided that he might as well stand up to him now as later.

"Good God, what happened to you?" John Olsen ejaculated when the sadly mutilated figure of his son stood before him.

Sam's throat constricted; uncontrollable tears of shame flowed down his streaked face.

"Dad—Dad. I had to fight him, I had to. I couldn't let him do it. He was wrong and I couldn't do anything but fight him," he sobbed.

"Hold on, son — who was wrong? What did you fight about?" Major Olsen asked, his hands on Sam's shoulders.

Sam told him the story. John's face worked with anger. "Damned little hellions!" he cursed. "You did right, Sam. Where did you say they were going? I'm going to call the police; maybe I can get them down there before the little idiots kill each other!"

John went to the telephone and dialed the police station. Sam buried his head in a sofa cushion, his ears and neck bright crimson. When John had hung up the telephone, he went to the sofa and drew Sam up.

"Son, you know why you had to fight that boy, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"He wanted to do something that you knew was wrong. You knew better because you had been taught at home. Sam, there are some

situations in this life where you have to fight for what you believe—I know, it makes you sick, you feel like you're worse than the guy you're fighting, don't you? But we're not supermen, Sam. Sometimes we have to meet the enemy on his own terms."

"But can't people do something better, Dad?" he asked, his voice trembling.

"The great men can, Sam. You have something right now that I'll never have—tact. You can talk, you can persuade. Hang onto that. It will do a lot more good than a pair of fists," said John.

With a great surge of emotion, Sam embraced his father. Something precious passed between them in that moment, an understanding that had been long in coming, but which would never again be lost.

IMAGES ON THE WIND

Cease, Wind!
Or I shall soar far away
Unbound by earthly cord.

I'll be . . .
A flash of jeweled eye,
A lonely note called to the cool
evening air,
A breeze rippling through fields of
ripe corn,
A sparrow's egg found under warm
leaves dappled by sunlight,
A bright blue hornet in a vineyard.

Be still, Wind.
Bring me no warm fragrance of sun
on new-rained earth,
No scent of roses on a full-mooned
summer night;
Bring me no sound of leaf-stirred
trees,
Or roar of falls.

Be still—
And let me listen to my love
As he puts his lips to my ear.

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